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(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Doctrine of the Good Will

By CHARLES F. DOLE

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

Chapter III. *By* M. K. GANDHI

Day Dawn in Europe

By DOREMUS SCUDDER

Items from a Traveler's Note Book

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVII MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1926 NUMBER 9

FOR GANDHI

"Hindu-Moslem Riots in Calcutta."—*Newspaper heading April 3rd, 1926.*

Is there no way of helping Gandhi now?
In India to-day he mourns and is dismayed.
His comrades in Calcutta (says our press—
Would that it prove but paper talk this time!)
His own faith-brothers and some Moslem men
Have fought in anger, losing precious ground
So hardly won towards love and unity.
Now will the great-souled fast, forego the food
That frail-knit body needs to keep in life,
Again repentent?—That he who loves and serves
Unto the utmost reaches should repent!
Repentent both for them and for himself,
Knowing past doubt that he has somehow failed
In judgment, foresight, or some unknown thing.
True: he is human, and he has dealt with men.

And we who have hardly tried or cared at all
Can we go feasting on, forgetting now
When Gandhi's life among us is in danger?
Have we no soul-force here to send him help,
Strength for his body, courage for his heart?
Have we no prayer-power in this Christian land
To send to help great India come to love?
Hindu and Moslem, Christian, Jew, all faiths,
Can we not pray thanksgiving for their progress?
Since the Mahatma led they have come so far!
This that seems news would have been a commonplace
Before he rose to help them on towards love.

Can we not help him help them further still?

Lord of us, groping, sound Thy waking call,
And may we, hearing, heed; repentent, serve.

RUTH MARGARET DODGE.

The further and perhaps final collapse of the *Swarajist* movement in India, as set on foot more than a year ago by C. R. Das and his followers, over the opposition of Gandhi and the Non-Cooperationists, is indicated by recent confidential reports received from our correspondent. It will be remembered that the *Swarajists* broke with the Non-Cooperationists on the issue of participation in the political elections to the Council of State, the Legislative Assembly, and the local councils. The former, ably led by the late Mr. Das, were impressed by the western method of political reform, and advised that Indians should do what the Irish had done, for example—conform to the political usages of the country, get into the government, and there make all the trouble possible. Gandhi was opposed to this policy in principle, and prophesied its failure in practice; but, with supreme self-abnegation, made way for its trial by voluntarily surrendering the leadership of the independence movement to Mr. Das. The failure of the political method, exactly as foreseen by the Mahatma, was clearly indicated at the meeting of the All-India Congress at Cawnpore last December, as duly reported in UNITY at that time. Now comes the news that the All-India Congress Committee recently passed a resolution citing "the insistence of the Secretary of State and the Government of India on full cooperation by representatives of the people (which), clearly demonstrates the intention of the Government to coerce the nation into abject submission," and calling upon all members of the various legislatures to "walk out." "The Committee is of the opinion," says the resolution, "that it is sheer waste of time for *Swarajist* members of the various legislatures to continue to function any longer." In accordance with this resolution, all the members of the councils walked out, and thus abandoned further political action. Our correspondent describes this as "a step toward independence," and prophesies that a "campaign for Mahatma Gandhi's non-payment of taxes may be launched." In other words, Gandhi's program of non-resistant Non-Cooperation is once again to the fore. The Mahatma's policy has been vindicated and his leadership reestablished.

It would be a healthy thing if America would really look Europe in the face and recognize what happened and was revealed at Geneva when the Locarno Pact was destroyed. The cult of optimism is still dominant in this country. No disaster is serious—everything is for the best—the League of Nations was not injured by what occurred the other day, but on the contrary really strengthened, for weaknesses were revealed which can now be remedied! Such facile Pollyanna-ism as this reminds one of the spirit which led Mr. Taft to write an article in 1911 on "The Dawn of World Peace," or of the spirit which induced Oscar Strauss to state in the early fall of 1914 that the war would be ended in a few weeks. Europeans are more realistic. At the present moment, for example, they know that Europe is worse off than at any time since

1919, and that the League of Nations has received a blow from which it may never recover. Take the testimony of that admirable British correspondent, Mr. Edward Shillito, who writes for the *Christian Century*. In the April 8th issue of that admirable journal, he states:

> The discussions at Geneva have excited bewilderment and something akin to despair. The story of intrigue, bluff, threats, bargains, backstairs influence has reminded us that, if the old order changeth, it changeth very slowly. In fact nothing quite so bad as this was known at the Algeciras conference before the war; if it were as bad, we were not permitted to know it. . . . The whole scene at Geneva has damaged the League more than anything since its formation. The revelation may do good if the friends of the League everywhere see their task more clearly and learn how hard it is to win peace.

Here is candid confession of the truth! Let Americans accept it, and thus escape from their fool's paradise of ignorant complacency. Whatever our ultimate opinions, we must rejoice with President Coolidge that, in the present state of affairs, "we have declared our intention to refrain from interfering in the political affairs of others by refusing to adhere to the League of Nations."

The Italian debt settlement, so-called, continues to be about the most interesting "sham" projected in our time. There is no phase of it which cannot be counted upon to give endless amusement, as well as to cast clear light upon the mental processes and moral purposes of the men who made the settlement. Take this angle, for example:—Italy owes us for money loaned during the War and after the War; there are war-loans, in other words, and peace-loans. The money owed us by Italy on the latter count is $648,000,000. This has nothing to do with the War as such; rather does it belong to the category of all regular loans between nations, to be paid in full, principal and interest alike. Now, suppose out of generosity of spirit, and in accordance with the idea of many of our citizens, we canceled all Italy's war indebtedness, and simply asked her to pay the peace-time loan. Italy would then pass over to us the comparatively modest sum of $648,000,000, which lies easily within her "capacity to pay." America would receive this, and, let us say, put it at interest in the usual way. Compounded through a period of 62 years, the term named in the Italian debt settlement, this money would reach at the end of that time a figure in excess of $6,000,000,000, *which is more than three times the amount of money that this country is to get from both the war-time and the peace-time loans if the proposed settlement is ratified*. Not only, as a matter of hard, cold fact, is the war-debt owed to us by Italy canceled under the proposal now pending in the Senate, but we are actually to receive only a modest percentage of our peace-time loan to her. Such an arrangement, with all due respect to Secretary Mellon and Senator Smoot, we call abominable—abominable because it is dishonest. It pretends to settle a debt which it actually cancels, and thus gives us the reputation of being a Shylock with not even a little money to give us comfort. So we hope the Italian settlement will be defeated. Which brings us to our own policy—cancel the war-debts, on condition that the countries concerned disarm and agree to outlaw war! Otherwise, collect, and no further loans until collection! Here's our chance to wrest peace from a troubled world!

It isn't often that an evil and a remedy are presented to the world at one and the same moment. Just this thing, however, has been occurring in Washington recently in the case of the Congressional investigation into the Prohibition situation. On the one hand, the dreadful corruption in the Prohibition enforcement personnel was brought clearly to the fore, especially by the testimony of Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and chief of the government forces charged with the duty of sustaining the Volstead Law. His story reeked with facts and figures of bribery, extortion, solicitation of money, falsification of expense accounts, and other crimes. No less than 875 officials, or about one-fifth of the entire force, have been dismissed for cause. At the same time this testimony was being taken, a Senate Committee in another part of the Capital was conducting a hearing on a bill, already passed by the House of Representatives, putting the Prohibition enforcement unit under the provisions of the Civil Service Law. Here were evil and remedy together. Not complete remedy by any means, but the first and a very long step toward ridding the Prohibition forces of corruption! All through Secretary Andrews' testimony on this point was the evidence that his agents had been recruited from the beginning on the old, discredited basis of "spoils." The fact that the "spoilsmen" in this case were churches, reform societies, the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., etc., only makes the situation worse rather than better. Nothing can be done to rid the nation of the shame of corruption in this field, until the "spoils" idea is completely rooted out. The Senate now has in its hands the chance to serve the "drys," beyond even their own knowledge and desire. Let the whole enforcement unit be put under the Civil Service Law—let the salaries of all agents be lifted to a respectable even a generous figure—let the personnel everywhere be raised in character—and not only will corruption be indefinitely diminished but enforcement be made indefinitely effective.

It is curious that Luther Burbank's death should have followed so soon after his sensational repudiation of religion, or rather of the traditional dogmas of religion. This has given a wonderful opportunity to the Fundamentalists to point a moral and adorn a tale. God has been moved to smite this infidel for his unbelief, and now will teach him the penalty in the next

world for his denial of revelation! We have no doubt that if all the sermons which have been or will be preached upon this theme could be brought together, it would make a mighty gale of wind. How much better, however, if the Fundamentalists would turn away from Burbank's religious or irreligious beliefs, which were never of any considerable importance, and give themselves to a consideration of his achievements in the field of horticulture! Here they would find what they so rashly deny—real evidence of the process of evolution. In no naturalist who has ever lived, perhaps, do we find such dramatic and convincing proof of man's mastery of the physical phenomena of the world. Burbank furnished marvellous newspaper copy —he was a sensationalist of the first order. But nobody ever doubted his knowledge and skill, the absolute soundness of his achievements, or their significance as data for the understanding of nature. Here was evolution operated right before our face and eyes, in comparatively short space of time, by a master-manipulator of natural life. How could anybody doubt, after seeing or even hearing of Burbank's gardens, that form can be changed into form, and thus ultimately species into species? Of course, artificial selection is one thing, and natural selection another. Just how natural selection operates, or whether indeed it operates as such at all, is still one of the unsolved riddles of modern science. But that the law of life is change, that varieties of life are easily alterable, that evolution is right here with us as a process to be seen and controlled, all this is obvious. Luther Burbank was called a "wizard." He was, of course, no wonder-worker at all, but only a trained scientist who worked with Nature to the swift accomplishment of her own appointed ends.

In their obituary notices of the late Henry Miller the newspapers omitted, as not infrequently happens, the most important event of his career. This was his production, at the old Savoy Theatre in New York, of Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," one of the great dramas of modern times. Its omission from the record was undoubtedly occasioned by the fact that Mr. Miller was popularly known as an actor, and in the production of the Kennedy play he appeared only as the producer and manager. In just these latter capacities, however, did his real distinction lie. Mr. Miller was only one among many competent actors. The Barrymores, John and Lionel, Walter Hampden, William Faversham, Tyrone Power, and others easily surpassed him. But as a producer and manager he was in a class almost by himself. He knew distinguished drama, was interested in it, and again and again served the best ideals of the theatre by presenting such drama to the public. His production of "The Servant in the House," for example, was an act of sheer intellectual and spiritual conviction, animated by superb courage. The play had a serious religious theme, moved on high levels, and gave little promise of popular appeal. But Mr. Miller recognized its greatness, assembled an expensive company, and went ahead, with results, fortunately, which brought him ample reward. Even earlier than this he had shown his quality by producing William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," a play which marks an epoch in the history of the American theatre. Much later he produced James Forbes' "The Famous Mrs. Fair," one of the best American comedies of recent years. These were high-water marks in a career of noble dedication to the best ideals of a great art. It is because managers and producers like Henry Miller are so few, and the "Al" Woods, Earl Carrolls, Moroscos and Bradys are so abundant, that the theatre in this country is in such a sorry plight.

The Doctrine of the Good Will

Millions of people are daily repeating the words of "The Lord's Prayer": Thy will be done. What do they mean by this little sentence? Has it no meaning? If not, why do they utter it? If it has a meaning is it of little or no importance? Why then repeat it so often? If it has some real and great meaning, why not find it and be sure that they wish to say this and not something else? It is no better than heathenism, and neither intelligent nor truthful to repeat "holy words," so called, and yet to put no more meaning into them than a parrot!

Now, whatever any one may choose to say by way of objection, there can be no doubt that these four words contain or conceal a tremendous thought or idea, perhaps the greatest that man ever conceived. The idea is that the most real and vital fact in the universe is Will. We cannot imagine Will at all except as the description or attribute of a personal being. Will cannot be imagined as blind, unintelligent, purposeless. Mere unthinking, unconscious force means nothing personal. We may have, or at least use, a mysterious energy, but we use and direct it as the possessors of will and at the instance of will. The only glimmer of understanding as to how we have will is that we share in the purposeful will of the universe.

As sure as will exists it must be a good will, not an evil one. How do we know this? We know it by what we know of our own wills, and especially in fairly mature and well developed men and women. Will at its best is the companion of intelligence and nor-

mally exercises a friendly or social function. What we call evil signifies want of sight, or completeness of life and health. We can conceive of no being who possesses plenty of will, and intelligence to match, and at the same time desires to do injury to other beings. We like and accept the fine saying of the old writer, who speaking of the Creative Intelligence, tells us, that "He hateth nothing that he hath made"! The reason in us says Amen to this.

We must not be dogmatic in our efforts to express our conceptions concerning the universal life. We must not be over confident in pressing our human words wherewith we portray the Infinite. We may be shy of insisting that our ethical words—justice, purity, truth, and the like apply to God as we apply them to ourselves. May we not, however, affirm at least our trust in the Good Will of the universe? It is a friendly will, and never unfriendly, never cruel or vengeful or angry with his creatures. Is not our complete moral system a friendly social relation, in which every item is based on the development and the richness of our good will?

At any rate, we *can* see now what our splendid sentence: Thy will be done, means. As it grows in bigness and importance, so does it grow wonderfully in practicability; it stands forth as the one law of all human life. It is no longer the most difficult rule. It is the only practical working principle that we can see.

Consider for a moment how far this thought goes. Call it a faith or trust if you prefer. In it we say that we think that the universe is founded and buttressed in Good Will. This is its nature, as we men like to have it said of us that good will is at the center of our nature. Is this too much to believe of the universe? Is it so wonderful and magnificent in its order and beauty and the extraordinary ingenuity of all its parts in stars or atoms—forever outrunning our expectations of it, and yet in this one crowning respect, most needful to our humanity, and wherein our most profound aspirations for richness of life dwell and exercise our minds, must we find the vast scheme of things to fail and leave us forever unsatisfied! To accept such a blank negation is to do violence to our intelligence and to depreciate the reality of our own good will, the most beautiful revelation of the indwelling intelligence.

Time was, no doubt, when men who ventured to say: Thy will be done, supposed themselves to be bowing in obedient and compulsory submission to an immutable and arbitrary Lord with his austere list of "shalts" and "shalt-nots," All this now disappears, as if we had entered a new world. The Good Will of the universe is positive, constructive, beneficent. It is a will for the welfare of the world, a will in behalf of the best. It is a universal will in which every intelligent being can join. We men, small as we seem, are here made sharers, not alone in our use of the forces of life, and the enjoyment of the beauty and wonder everywhere revealed, but in the inmost thought and purpose of the Eternal Will. It is given to us to wish what God wishes—never evil or mishap, or defeat of justice, but the utmost good that can be.

Let us not tangle this quite simple and noble thought with the medieval misunderstandings and distinctions between secular and religious, between natural and spiritual, between the nature of man as alien to the nature of God. Nature is all of a kind—one nature in however many manifestations. The world reveals a process or movement with innumerable stages of growth. It is nevertheless one in its essential nature. Your little child passes through many phases, but your highest ideal of the growth of the child is that his powers and faculties and gifts and the development of his legitimate desires may all come to a head in a unity of excellence, of usefulness, of the victory of the good and the attainment of the best. Do you wish anything less for the child? To wish this and nothing else is to say, Thy will be done for the child.

This is the easy rule of the relation of any normal child to reasonably wise and grown up parents. A son enjoys being in accord with his father or mother, in willing, pleasing and doing the same good acts that they love to do. As with the child, so with the man. He is created to enjoy nothing so much as to be in accord with the good will of the universe. In a large way we may say what any true man would naturally like to say: "Thy will be done" over every hour of his day. It would mean that which would best fit and fill the hour; it would mean the very best use of the hour; it would include every natural function that belongs to a civilized man's day. It would provide impulse for meeting and overcoming the resistances and the friction of the day, and of repeatedly transforming any threatening evil into good. Thus the man, whether he works in shop or a school should constantly be doing precisely what on the whole he chooses to do, that which is best. Thus the man realizes constantly the ideal life, being always conscious of seeking the best and of being his best. Who desires more than this?

We are not merely presenting a workable life for a single type of man, for instance, for those called the "religious minded." The order is the same for all men. Here are two friends of opposite types—one of them introspective and docile towards all spiritual monitions, the other outward-bound in his tendencies and practical to an extreme. The first has come to a keen sense of an abiding and supreme Presence around him and in him, with whom he has learned to be in tune; he cannot conceive in any other form how his mind works and his thoughts come and magnificent and generous ideals grow before him. Some call this attitude of mind "mystical," but it seems to him who has it the most natural and highest mood of life. Why

should not a man sustain this happy and clearly co-operative relation with the creative spirit of the universe? The other friend is not however without resources of great and inspiring thoughts; he has ideals of his own not very diverse from the other man's. What if his will to be useful is the supreme law of his life! The strength and the quality of the good will is the chief test by which we value the worth of different lives.

The Good Will is the high court of appeal in whatever situation we find ourselves. What else do men mean when they say, Thy kingdom come? The idea is a vast scheme or vision of a world guided and possessed by good will. It is not a finished order or a well grown garden; it is in process; its order is not that of a picture gallery; it is more like a shipyard or a gymnasium. There is a good deal more energy in the shipyard than there is in the gallery and it is altogether expressive of orderly will. May we not say precisely the same of this world of the twentieth century? It is not at all a civilized world but all the sense there is in it is bound up in the ideal, resident in all the men and women whom we know best, as their controlling purpose, of a coming and growing order of goodness, betterment, welfare, happiness, not only through the handling of natural things and the forces of nature, but preeminently in a spirit of good will dominant in every country and using all things in the name of the common good, the good constantly rising to the level of the better and the best, the Good Will of the universe having become the good will of all.

Take the case of that great electrical engineer, Steinmetz, who died the other day at Schenectady. He was no mystic in the medieval sense of the word. He did not profess to be a Christian, but he was a sort of inspired genius. Where did his almost magical mathematical power and insight come from? But even more wonderful, there had been born in him after a rather disorderly and selfish childhood, a great and consummate good will. Not only an inventor, not only a chemist, not only a mathematical genius, but *a man of good will* was his name, making him dear to every inhabitant of his city. Preachers had been dogmatic enough often to say that a man must announce his belief in God or he could not be a good man. Here, however, was one who had found his life in doing the good will of the universe as his highest possible pleasure. Had not this man revealed God, that is, the nature of the universe? The nature of man is the nature of the universe, namely the will for good, for betterment, for the best.

My point is that you can begin at either end in seeking to find out and to tell the story of the truth of the world. You may begin with the marvelous idea of God, the life at the heart of the whole. It is Good Will. We, then, as sons of the universe life say: Thy Will be done. In short, we are here to help for the best in every way we can. We must never move a step where the good will bids us not to go. Or, on the other hand, we may take this practical rule at the start, as many men do, and agree never to retreat from the beautiful rule; we will try it out and see what comes of it. In either case it will bring us more and more surely to the splendid unity of the True, the Good and the Beautiful, that is, to God. These are not two different ways of the Good Life. The two ways are one way.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jottings

Curious, that the newspapers should regard the attempted assassination of Mussolini as *news!* As a moralist we abhor such an action; but as a rationalist we know the law of cause and effect, and therefore regard a violent attempt upon the life of the Italian dictator as just about as natural and inevitable as water running down hill or heat rising. *Violence breeds* violence —that truth is as sure as the pull of celestial gravitation.

Soviet Russia may not be in the family of nations, but she has power all the same to determine the destiny. Her refusal, for example, to join the disarmament conference ends that happy dream. How much longer are we going to fool ourselves into believing that we can live in the world without Russia? This is like believing that we can swim the sea without breathing.

How many people know that the War Department is systematically sending army officers to the Harvard School of Business as students, to learn the business of mobilizing American industry in time of war. Thus, in myriad ways, the work of war preparedness goes on; and it is as true today as it was yesterday that to prepare for war makes war sooner or later inevitable.

Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, in his "Social Classes in Post-War Europe," laments the sufferings of the middle class in the after-war period. This is unjust, he says, since it was the middle class in all countries who were the soul of patriotism, and rendered the most willing services during the war. To this *Foreign Affairs* (London) makes the admirable retort that "all one can say is that the middle class are now paying a

just retribution." They have sinned, and they are punished.

We sometimes find ourselves wondering how much longer umbrellas will be carried in large cities. Every new skyscraper that goes up makes it more impossible to carry umbrellas in a storm. We seem to see more and more people walking in the rain uncovered. Who knows—perhaps umbrella-makers are doomed to follow petticoat-manufacturers.

The Community Churchman reports in its April issue that there are 1,170 community churches listed in this country. Of these, 966 are in villages of 2,500 population or less; of the remainder, 97 are in towns of 2,500 to 25,000 population, and 107 in cities of more than 25,000. It is obvious that the movement is predominantly a rural movement. This is as it should be, for it is in the towns and villages that the denominational order is most rapidly going to pieces.

J. H. H.

Items From a Traveler's Note Book

III

A delightful reception at the home of Mr. Powell, the Unitarian minister in Dallas, where we were privileged to meet a group of his parishioners, was followed by the night train on the "Katy" which brought us far south to San Antonio, another distinctive city. Indeed, San Antonio is so distinctive as not to be American in appearance at all. Had it not been for one or two tall buildings of the modern type and some familiar Protestant churches, I would have believed that I had been dropped down suddenly in some foreign town. The tropical vegetation was, of course, one of the most striking features of the place, as seen, for example, in the courtyard of the old Menger Hotel, where lofty palms and banana trees competed for attention with a pool of alligators. The remains of the old Spanish civilization, however, plus the large Mexican population of more than forty thousand people, are what give San Antonio its distinctive character and atmosphere. To look upon the old cathedral, to pass through the Mexican quarters with their stores, restaurants and "movies" all labeled with Spanish signs, to visit the famous missions on the outskirts of the community, is to feel oneself far removed from all things American. One is promptly reminded of home, however, when one sees the U. S. Army airplanes flying overhead, and gazes on the extensive barracks at Fort Sam Houston. If there should ever be another war with Mexico, the people of San Antonio would know that they were living in the United States all right.

We were met at the station by Rabbi Frisch, whom I had known some years ago in New York, and were in the hospitable hands of himself and his charming wife throughout the day. Under their guidance and in their automobile we "saw the town." The famous Alamo, the old mission made sacred by the defence of Bowie, Crockett and their one hundred and seventy odd followers who died to the last man in the great fight against the besieging army of Santa Anna in 1838, was a surprise. I had imagined it a rather large building, and found it a small, almost a diminutive structure. Then I had always pictured it in my mind as standing out all alone by itself in the open country, and here it was right on one corner of a busy square, at the very heart of the city's life. The old missions, however, were just where I expected they would be, and looked as I had always supposed they would look. The crumbling walls and towers, the roofless cloisters and chapels, the deserted kitchens, baptistries, confessionals and sacristies, the broken sculptures, the beautiful doors and windows, the last traces of brilliant frescoes on walls and ceilings—all were perfect. And what a tale they told! I know of nothing more impressive than the story of these old Franciscan friars who came into this vast and empty country in the closing years of the seventeenth century, built their noble mission churches, and gave their lives for the salvation of the natives—nothing more impressive, unless it be the parallel saga of the Jesuits who plunged into the Canadian wilderness far away to the north, and, amid natural conditions much more terrible, sought the redemption of a people—much more savage. Here in these churches, which the Franciscans had reared with their own hands, lived these heroic priests. Here they celebrated the mass before the altar, walked in the cloisters in the cool of the evening, cultivated their gardens, adorned with brush and chisel the walls of their beloved house, and always ministered to the people 'round about, teaching their children, healing their sick, burying their dead. Now the friars are gone, and their churches stand open to the wind and rain—but still they live as a memory and a monument of all that is best in Roman Catholicism.

After the day of sight-seeing, came the evening and the job which had brought me to San Antonio. This was to address the Open Forum, founded, like the earlier one in Dallas, by the indefatigable Elmer Scott. Only one year old, this Forum had already captured the enthusiastic interest of the community, and was holding large meetings in the auditorium of the High School. Here I encountered the one bit of real trouble on my trip. The subject of my talk, "The Truth About Russia," plus my radical record, was more than the American Legion of San Antonio could stand, so they got after me. Thanks to their kind attention and assiduous labors, the evening papers contained an elaborate rehash of what the famous Lusk Committee had written about me in the good old days of the Bolshevik mania. Then, in the course of the afternoon, a delegation of the Legion waited portentiously upon the President of the Forum, and registered their protest against the shame of my appearance in the town. The President, a true disciple of Elmer Scott, of Dallas, was not to be disturbed in any way, but gave the delegation a cordial invitation to attend the evening meeting and hear what the speaker had to say.

The net result of all this agitation, of course, was advertising of an amount and an effectiveness which no money could have purchased. The largest audience which had ever attended a Forum meeting was early on the ground. Every seat of the large auditorium was filled, and the walls were lined in the balcony with

standees. A chairman, who carefully disavowed any agreement with anything that I might say, gave me a courteous biographical introduction, and then for an hour I talked about Russia. I had quiet attention throughout; the questions which followed the address frequently indicated disagreement, even hostility, but were invariably courteous. Curiousiy enough, the only open disapproval which I encountered was some vigorous hissing when I made slighting reference to President Coolidge, and again, in the question period, when I declared that the mind of the State Department on the Russian question was "compounded of ignorance and fear." For two years and more I have been expressing publicly my contempt for the present Republican administration, and I had to wait until I reached the southernmost part of Texas to hear a hiss. But I imagine that Republicans are lonely in Texas and take their politics seriously.

The Forum meeting was followed by a quick trip to the station and a boarding of the "Katy" sleeper for Fort Worth. Here, the next morning, we shifted to the Santa Fe, and journeyed through the day to Oklahoma City, where I was to speak in the evening before the Men's Dining Club. We were met at the station by Mr. Byrnes, minister of the local Unitarian Church, and by Mr. Victor E. Harlow, author of that excellent biography, "Jesus the Man." These two friends whisked us off to the Unitarian Church, where we encountered the delightful surprise of a reception by the parish. In Mr. Byrnes's study, lined with books and with pictures of distinguished leaders of liberal thought in this and other countries—Edward Everett Hale, Robert Collyer, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Wendell Phillips, Abraham Lincoln, William Morris—I love to think of the faces I saw upon those walls!—here, amid such surroundings, we met some fifty men and women, chatted and drank tea, and exchanged informal talks. It was all very delightful, as was the later assembly of men at dinner in the hotel, where I gave an address on "The Outlawry of War."

Time was too short to see Oklahoma City with any thoroughness, but fleeting impressions were vivid. Forty years ago this place was open prairie—not a street, nor even a house. Today it is a flourishing city of some one hundred and forty thousand people. Traffic is busy and swift, buildings new and modern, prosperity in evidence on every hand. Extraordinary were the churches. In a space of eight blocks, I saw nine churches, some of them among the largest and most splendid that I have ever seen. Three at least are numbered among the greatest in membership in the country in their respective denominations. Nearly all, of course, are stoutly Fundamentalist. Indeed, the only liberal religious influences in Oklahoma City are the Unitarian, the Reformed Jew and the Christian Science, plus a Lutheran clergyman of open mind and free spirit. Like Dallas, Oklahoma City is a church-going community. Everybody belongs to some church, and the ministers preach on Sundays to enormous congregations. In Fundamentalist territory at least Christianity is very far from dead.

Next and last stop—Kansas City! I never enter this city without marveling at the beauty and convenience of the great Union Station; nor do I ever enter this Station without visiting the book shop, one of the finest I have ever seen. What a superb gateway, East and West, North and South! Here I was met by Rabbi Berkowitz and hurried to the splendid new President Hotel, where in the ballroom was gathered a brilliant company of some 350 members of the Jewish Temple. When dinner was completed, I delivered my address on "Race Prejudice," then rushed back to the Station and took the midnight train to St. Louis. Two days later we were in New York, with some five thousand miles of happy travel behind us.

In looking back on such a journey, one thinks of the little things first. There was the singing of those Negro waiters on the dining-car into Montgomery—with what gusto they chanted their melodies, and with what pleasant modesty they received our tributes of pleasure and praise! There was the telephone girl in New Orleans who shrank away in obvious horror when asked the way to the Unitarian Church. There was the big business man on the Oklahoma train who examined papers and talked acreages and tank capacities with an assistant for over an hour, then settled down to read a volume of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." There was the beautiful young woman in the San Antonio hotel, who rode up in the elevator to her room, and ordered her Negro maid, carrying a heavy baby, to walk up the stairs. The color line, of course, was everywhere, alternately amusing and depressing us. The separation of the races in the trains and stations, for example, always troubled and not seldom confused us. For it was rigorous in some places and loose in others. Thus in old Montgomery, of all places in the world, there was one waiting-room where both races assembled, one ticket-office where both races bought their tickets, but different exit and entrance doors, and different rooms when passengers wanted to sit down. In some places and under some conditions the situation seemed to get terribly complicated—as, for example, at that little town in Oklahoma where a tiny outhouse had four doors in a row elaborately labeled "For White Men," "For Colored Men," "For White Women," "For Colored Women." With what eagerness, in our journey north, did we watch for the place where the separate waiting rooms would disappear. We found it, in Oklahoma—and looked in vain for evidences of what made Negroes human beings at this point and something less than human beings a few miles south.

The distinctive, almost foreign, character of the South is conspicuous to any Yankee traveler, yet one wonders how long this character will be maintained. Signs of its disintegration are everywhere. Thus, standardization on a northern basis is the rule in every considerable center of population. Standardized hotels, standardized taxis, standardized traffic rules, standardized newspapers, standardized magazines and periodicals (*The Saturday Evening Post, The Pictorial Review, Snappy Stories*, etc., etc., always on hand, the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, etc., always absent!), standardized bill-boards (Palm Olive Soap, Camel Cigarettes, etc.), standardized clubs (Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions), standardized churches and standardized religion. The industrial trend of the times is also eating into the South and destroying it. North Carolina marks the vanguard of progress pushing down on the one side, Texas the vanguard of progress pushing up on the other. In between lie South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, all the old South that is now left. North Carolina is more like Massachusetts than it is like Georgia, Texas more like New York than it is like Mississippi. Is it not certain that, in another generation, the South as we have known it for over a hundred years will be no more? And will it not be a

blessing to have this region absolved politically, industrially, socially, culturally into the rest of the nation?

The Negro problem will long remain. But people were perfectly willing to discuss it openly and fairly in Texas, and there, as in all other places, we looked in vain for any tenseness of ill-feeling between the races. The political situation seemed just about the same south of Mason and Dixon's line as north. Men and women were indifferent to parties and issues, innocently contemptuous of both the Republican and the Democratic organizations as two wings of the same foul bird, and all at sea as to any movement along progressive lines. Even in the matter of Prohibition, I saw no change. The South, I had been told, was "dry." But the people I met were just about as hostile to the 18th Amendment as the same kind of people elsewhere, and by the same token other people as ardently its friends. I left New York to enter the South in just about the same mood of excited curiosity that I left Berlin in 1922 to enter Russia. In many ways my expectation of looking upon a strange country was satisfied. But I now feel that most of these ways were small in content and significance. Things were different—decidedly; but different as California is different. At bottom we have one country, growing more and more every day into a common likeness to common habits, standards and ideals.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

CHAPTER III

CHILD MARRIAGE

Much as I wish not to have to write this chapter, I know that I will have to swallow many such bitter draughts in the course of this narrative. And I cannot do otherwise, if I claim to be a worshipper of Truth. It is my painful duty to have to record here my marriage at the age of thirteen. As I see the youngsters of the same age about me and under my care and think of my marriage, I am inclined to pity myself and to congratulate the youngsters for their having escaped my lot. I can see no moral argument in support of such an unconscionably early marriage.

Let the reader make no mistake. I was married, not betrothed. For in Kathiawad there are two distinct rites—betrothal and marriage. Betrothal is a mutual promise on the part of the parents of the boy and the girl to marry them, and is not inviolable. The death of the boy entails no widowhood on the girl. It is an agreement purely between parents, and the children have no concern with it. They may not even be informed of it. I was betrothed thrice in turn though I do not know when. I was told that two girls chosen for me died in turn, and I infer therefrom that I was betrothed thrice. I have a faint recollection, however, that the third betrothal took place in my seventh year. But I do not recollect having been informed of it. In the present chapter I am talking about my marriage of which I have the clearest recollection.

It will be remembered that we were three brothers. The eldest was already married. The elders decided to marry my second brother who was two or three years my senior, a cousin possibly a year senior, and me, all at the same time. In this there was no thought of our welfare, much less our wishes. It was purely a question of their convenience and economy.

Marriage among Hindus is no joke. The parents of the bride and the bridegroom often bring themselves to ruin over it. They waste their substance, they waste their time. Months are taken up in preparing for it—in making clothes and ornaments and preparing budgets for dinners. Each tries to beat the other in the number and variety of courses to be prepared. Women, whether they have a voice or no, sing themselves hoarse, even get ill, and disturb the peace of their neighbors. These in their turn quietly put up with all the turmoil and bustle, all the dirt and filth representing the remains of those dinners, because they know that a time would come when they also would be behaving no better.

Better, thought my elders, have all this bother at one and the same time, rather than thrice over. Less expense and greater *eclat*. For money could be freely spent as it has to be spent once instead of thrice. My father and my uncle were both old, and we were the last children they had to marry, and it is likely that they wanted to have the last best time of their lives. In view of all these considerations a triple wedding was decided upon, and as I have said before, months were taken up in preparation for it.

Only the preparations gave us scent of the coming event. I do not think the event meant to me any more than a prospect of good clothes to wear, of drums beating, of marriage processions, rich dinners, and of getting a strange girl to play with. The carnal desire came in later. I could if I wished, describe here the process of its growth. But the reader should forego all curiosity in that behalf. I propose to draw the curtain over my shame, excepting a few details which are worth recording and which I am coming to later. But even these details have little to do with the central idea I have kept before me in writing this story.

So my brother and I were both taken to Porbunder from Rajkot. There are some amusing details of the preliminaries to the final drama—*e. g.*, smearing us with turmeric paste all over the body—but I must omit them.

My father was a Diwan, but nevertheless a servant, and all the more so because he was in the good books of the Thakore Sahib. The latter would not let him go until the last moment. And when he did so, he ordered special stage coaches for him, reducing the journey by two days. But—? The fates had willed otherwise. Porbunder is 120 miles from Rajkot—a cart journey of five days. My father did the distance in three, but the coach toppled over in the third stage, and he sustained severe injuries. He came bandaged all over. Half his and our interest in the business was gone, but the ceremony had to be gone through. For how could the marriage dates be changed? I forgot my grief over my father's injuries in the childish revels of the wedding.

I was devoted to my parents. But no less was I devoted to the passions that flesh is heir to. I had

yet to learn that all happiness and pleasures should be sacrificed in devoted service of the parents. And yet as though by way of punishment for my desire for pleasures an incident (of which later) happened which has ever since rankled in my heart. Nishkulanand sings: "Renunciation of objects, without the renunciation of desires is shortlived, try however you may." And whenever I sing this song or hear it sung, this bitter untoward incident rushes to my memory and makes me ashamed.

Father put on a brave front in spite of the injuries, and took full part in the wedding. As I think of it, I can even today call up to my mind's eye the places where he sat as he went through the different details of the ceremony. Little did I dream then that one day I would be subjecting my father's having married me as a child to severe strictures. Everything that day seemed to me right and proper, and pleasing. There was also the eagerness to get married. And as everything that father did then struck me to be beyond reproach, the recollection of these things is fresh in the memory. I can picture to myself even today how we sat on our wedding dais, how we performed the *Saptapadi*, how the newly wedded husband and wife put the sweet *Kansar* into the mouths of each other, and how we began to live together. And oh! that first night. Two innocent children all unwittingly hurled themselves into the ocean of life. My brother's wife had thoroughly coached me about my behavior on the first night. I do not know who had coached my wife. I have never asked her about it, nor am I inclined to do so now. The reader may be sure that we must have been too nervous to face each other. We were certaintly too shy. How was I to talk to her, and what? The coaching would not carry me far. But no coaching is really necessary in such matters. The impressions of the former birth are potent enough to make all coaching superfluous. We gradually began to know each other, and speak freely to each other. We were both the same age. But I took no time in assuming the authority of a husband.

But of that in the next.

—(Translated from *Navajivan* by MAHADEO DESAI.)

M. K. GANDHI.

Day Dawn in Europe

Is the advance battle of humanity being fought out in Asia, Europe or America? A debate on this question in one of our Public Forums, the claim of each continent being given one of three successive sessions, would prove mightily instructive if done by experts. Without going deeply into the topic for which neither the opportunity nor the time for exhaustive investigation has been granted, it would seem that while a good case could be made out for each contestant, the claim of Europe to be actually engaged in fighting the next most important battle for the human race is very strong. America, especially the United States, appears to be lagging behind the rest of the world. This is due to our nation's inherent self-satisfaction. For evidence, envisage our stand upon the question of the League of Nations, our refusal to join, our unwillingness to frame conditions upon which we would enter it, our bullying of smaller powers, like Mexico, Central America and Hayti, our wealth beyond all dreams, the whiles sodden in our grasping protectionist policy, in our Shylocking of interallied debts, and in our unutterable self-conceit and pride of race. We have not even a respectably sized political party in fighting trim to change this record of selfism. There are battling spirits in our nation, millions of them, who are putting their all into the struggle to align our people with the advance guard the world over, but they are still a small minority.

Asia with its awakening India and China and its already aroused Japan is in better plight than the Western Continent, despite the political subjection of the first and the anarchy in the second of these vast nations. Although the mortmain of past history holds them back, they are surging with new life, and in Japan that vitality is all but in the saddle. Until, however, the two giants of the Asiatic mainland shake off the incubus of their inherited inertia, Asia will be fighting her own and not the world's battle.

With Europe it is different. Here, outside of the German and Russian aggregations, selfish nationalism is in complete command of the situation. Russia is, of course, the one international nation on earth. She knows no barriers of race or nationality. She is the sole human government battling for brotherhood. Her chief trouble is that she contradicts herself by aiming to secure fraternity by unbrotherly means. Her championship of bloody revolution prevents her victory. She is learning this, however, as she gradually recedes from obsession by Czarism with its apotheosis of force.

This leaves Germany at the front. Locarno placed her in the position of moral ascendency and the recent meeting in Geneva confirmed her primacy. Her representatives there were the incarnation of courtesy, unselfishness and large-minded sweet reasonableness. Her gentlemanly treatment of Mussolini's insolence, her quiet stand for justice to racial minorities, her attitude toward Austria and the fine reaction of her people to the record of Luther and Stresemann at Geneva have confirmed her as the leading peacemaker of the world. It is one more historic instance of "the last shall be first." The despised and hated of the earth is assuming the proportions of preeminent moral leadership. Will Germany ten years from now stand at the head not of human war hosts but of altruistic international forces? She seems to see that the era of selfish nationalism is past and as in getting ready for war she employed the dogged patience and scientific precision for which she was the synonym, so now with like spirit she seems preparing for the peace of human unity.

In her nobility of action at Geneva she was seconded most strikingly by Sweden. We should look for this from a Scandinavian people. And the third in this triumnationate was Czechoslovakia, as might be expected of a State with a philosopher like Masaryk for President.

Brazil's role has puzzled everybody. It was the best thing that could have happened, however, because the League and the world needed such a dramatic demonstration of the impossibilities of the League Covenant. As the weeks roll by the conviction is deepening everywhere that the dominance of the League by the two

allied nations, Britain and France, must be ended if we are ever to have a League of Free Peoples at the center of world life. It seems sure to come.

England of course thoroughly discredited herself in Calvin's capital. She has herself alone to thank for it. Parliament knew that just as Poincaré's and Grey's private understandings had made the great war inevitable, so Chamberlain's and Briand's secret asides were complicating the League's freedom of action, yet it refused to make Chamberlain's *faux pas* impossible. She gave him a free hand and made the miserable fiasco unavoidable. Thus again Britain sold out her opportunity of moral leadership in Europe and in the world for not even a mess of pottage.

The real villain in the Locarno-Geneva play was the French Government, not the French people. The League session was wrecked through the besotted infatuation of France's political manipulators for pre-war diplomacy and for the discredited principle of the balance of power. Yet France is in a sense the hope of the world. All to the good are the vanishing value of her franc, and the cowardice of her national leadership which refuses to tell her people the truth that her financial difficulties will end when she enforces her present laws of taxation, adequate as they are to enable her to balance her budget. Her men of large income are allowed to dodge their taxes while the mass of the people are bled at every pore. But there are signs of the end. The victory of the Communists in two non-communistic sectors in Paris last Sunday has been a rude shock. The Cato-like slogan reiterated by her workingmen, "The war in Morocco and Syria must end," reinforced by the refusal of the House of Deputies to vote an extra appropriation for war purposes is a straw showing how the current is tending. When the French people wake, as they must ere long, they are likely to go to the extreme. That extreme should mean a long step towards a United States of Europe. Fortunately this continent is being honeycombed with the Fellowship of Reconciliation movement, very quiet and deep though not yet very widespread in its permeation of the European human mass. Although the night is dark here just now, it is beginning to be streaked with dawn. Prophesy is impossible but hope is strong.

DOREMUS SCUDDER.

Cannes, France.

The Coal Report in Britain

The long-awaited Report of the Coal Commission is out at last. It would have made a greater stir at the moment of its appearance had not its publication so nearly coincided with the sessions at Geneva when Germany's status was being decided, and also with the assembling in London of the representatives of five nations to discuss methods of making effective the Eight-Hour-Day convention of the Washington Conference. Although considerable space was given in the daily press to summarizing the findings of the Coal Commission, most of the papers were too busy either belaboring or finding excuses,—according to their political bias,—for Sir Austen Chamberlain, to spend much editorial comment on the Report. This may have been partly due to the plea put forward alike by the Government and by the Miners' Federation, that the Report should be carefully considered before rendering judgment. It was felt that the matter was too serious to permit of going off at half cock, therefore it was not until after conferences between the Government and both the parties had been called, and Mr. Baldwin had announced the acceptance of the Report, with some reservations, that opinions began to be freely expressed.

Now, however, the first indignation over the travesty of the Locarno spirit has been voiced—and it has been general, even in the Conservative papers; Sir Austen Chamberlain has made his colossal defence before the House of Commons, and has received, unwinkingly, buckets of whitewash upon his devoted head; the international commission has been satisfactorily heard from on the Eight Hour Day; the Government has spoken the first word on the Coal Report, for which everybody was waiting; the editors of the weeklies have had time to read, study, and inwardly digest the two hundred and fifty pages of closely reasoned matter put out by Sir Herbert Samuel and his four associates—not one of whom, by the way, is a representative of Labor—and to discover that its recommendations please nobody. The mine-owners cannot rejoice whole-heartedly at a document which pricks their bubble, so jauntily tossed from hand to hand at the hearings, of "all's well with the coal industry"; and recognition of the waste and inefficiency of the present system of running the mines leaps out of the Report at every turn. The miners are not likely to welcome a call to self-sacrifice, which the Report terms temporary, but to which it sets no time-limit, by taking, in the persons of the higher paid workers, the wage-cut which precipitated the crisis of last summer. Thinking consumers must regret that from a Commission which so intelligently analyses the situation, showing itself so keenly aware of the mortal sickness from which the industry is suffering under the present system, so little in the way of remedy is forthcoming.

The analysis is indeed masterly; it is recognized as quite the most valuable part of the Report, but it was some solution, after all, that was wanted from the Commission, and the two proposals made by them as a necessary first step, do not lead to *peaceful* solution of difficulties which everyone realizes are tremendous. The Commission advises immediate withdrawal of the subsidy and a substantial cut in wages. Now, however much the Government subsidy may be deplored, and however eager taxpayers may be to get rid of it, the fact remains, clearly shown in the Report itself, that without it the industry as at present run could not go on at all. It is because without the subsidy the average loss per ton would be one shilling and six pence, that, in advocating the termination of the subsidy, a reduction of wages is also advised. Withdrawal, then, during a period of transition, such as the Commission contemplates, while the Government is taking over the mineral rights of the soil, and while the mine owners are making the sporadic consolidations recommended, would be to revert to a condition no different from that of last summer. How this can have escaped recognition by the Commission, at the very moment when it was drawing such a dark picture of the industry, is a marvel. The editor of the *New Statesman* attributes the uncertain hand of the

Commission to fear of declaring for nationalization, or for any sort of Government intervention which could interfere with private ownership, even though it has given so much space to showing up the ineptitude and inefficiency of such ownership. The editor goes on to state that if the coal industry is not to be nationalized, it must at any rate be unified, and to that end the Commission appears not to have looked very far ahead. In place of any adequate plan of unification, the Report gives a jumble of suggestions: The nationalization of royalties, a proposal welcome in itself, but coming too late for great effect; the organization of research work on a commercial scale, a suggestion for the creation of joint selling agencies, with permission to municipalities to retail coal, a plan for improving and pooling coal wagons. These are all acceptable, but on the other hand must be set an only partially worked out scheme for profit-sharing which is to be compulsory in the industry, and a series of very dubious, and not very useful suggestions on the wage question.

Mr. Brailsford, in the *New Leader,* declares that reading the Report has affected him "as no other printed words have affected him since Sir Edward Grey addressed the House of Commons on that fatal Monday in August, 1914," and he continues, "This Report may be the prelude to the greatest industrial war of our own generation." The I. L. P., of which his weekly is the organ, is indeed not likely to sit down tamely at a moment when it is striving to make its own slogan, "Socialism in our time," with a living wage as its first step, an issue in the Labor Party. And yet a prominent Right Wing Laborite M. P. in conversation declares his belief that the Report gives Labor the advantage, and opens the way for reconcilement and reorganization such as have not before been within the realm of possibility. He predicts that an understanding will be arrived at. He points out the extreme caution with which all parties are proceeding, the many conferences which are being held before either makes an official statement, and the way in which the Miners' Federation has closed the mouth of its secretary, Mr. A. J. Cooke, by making him the bearer of a message to the members of the Trade Union Congress, asking them to consider the Report carefully before taking action. To be sure, this effort only postponed Mr. Cooke's utterance, which came a week later at Cardiff, at a conference of the Welsh Independent Labor Party, and was of the non-compromise variety. Mr. J. H. Thomas, speaking on the same day at Dunfermline, hoped for a coal peace, pointing out that up to now no word or speech had been made by responsible people which would jeopardize the possibility of a peaceful settlement. "That is something that justifies us in saying that if there is the same desire to find a settlement from now on, at least there is some hope of a bridge being found."

Fortunately, the Government, in accepting the Report, has given out that if the subsidy is withdrawn on April 30, as recommended, some sort of loan may be made to tide over the crisis. Thus it shows a disposition not to consider the Report as final, but as a basis for negotiation. Thus, however serious the moment, it is by no means hopeless. May 1st is still a month away, and much may happen in a month.

London, England. E.

The Study Table

NEGRO HISTORY

Mr. Taylor is an investigator of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. This* is the first of a series of monographs dealing with the Negro during the rehabilitation of the Southern States. One reads this notice of the publishers with enthusiasm that is not dulled after the book is finished. For Mr. Taylor is a careful scholar, able from the first to give us a picture of reconstruction days freed from the desire to prove a case, and dispassionate to a degree that is sometimes ponderous. Yet one sees he is a Negro writing from the standpoint of his own race. How much this book is needed one familiar with the hectic literature of reconstruction alone can understand.

Out of the mass of important material gathered from a multitude of sources, certain facts stand out clearly. One is the demoralization of the South, after the war, moral and economic. The aristocracy, in their short months of government, by their black codes and peonage, treated the Negro as still virtually a slave. The poor whites, many of whom doubtless understood that it had been a rich man's war and a poor man's fight, "were possessed with a singularly bitter and vindictive feeling against the Negroes, since they had ceased to be property. 'The pecuniary value which the individual Negro formerly represented having disappeared, the maiming and killing of them seemed to have been looked upon by many as one of those venial offenses which must be forgiven as due to the outraged feelings of a wronged and robbed people.'" The Negroes, outside of a small, well-to-do group of former free-men and the most intelligent of the slaves, were ignorant, without property, often wanderers. Many died in the early months after the cessation of the war from want.

For ten years these various groups were under the reconstruction government, and the second important fact is that the workers advanced greatly in those ten years. The aristocracy was impoverished, but the mass of the people progressed. We have pages of important figures showing the increase in manufacture, the growth of cotton mills, of the phosphate industry, of lumbering. Even agriculture, at first disorganized, later outstripped slavery production. And with economic improvement came education, especially for the Negro who had not only the very adequate new state schools but the excellent schools started by Northern philanthropy. Colored churches multiplied and the freed man began to know the stability of a home. Those must have been stirring days for the black man, dangerous, with the Ku Klux Klan roaming the land, but magnificent.

Half of the book is non-political and half given up to an account of the reconstruction government. We are shown all its wastefulness, its venality. The stealing was great, almost equal to that which Tweed was putting over in New York. But one learns that there was a reform element, some members of which

*"*The Negro in South Carolina During the Reconstruction,*" By Alrutheus Ambush Taylor, A. M. Published by the Associated Pub., Inc., 1538 Ninth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

were Negroes, and as one reads it looks as though that element might win out when the Presidential election of 1876 occurs and the black man of the South is left without federal aid. Then comes the elimination of the Negro vote by various fraudulent methods. We leave him in 1895 disfranchised by the State's new constitution.

According to Mr. Taylor's story the poor white, in every way inferior to the aristocracy and the thinking Negro, left without federal support, wisely chose to support the aristocratic class. Perhaps the poor white, who was fighting the populist battle, had thus a legitimate grievance against the black man.

The book is beautifully printed and of a pleasant weight. It has an admirable bibliography and index.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

Correspondence

Unity and the League of Nations

Editor of UNITY:

I have long regretted your attitude in regard to the League of Nations and your derogatory allusions to it in UNITY. It has seemed futile, however, to answer your editorials and articles, because you have given, not so much arguments against the League, as inuendoes, jeers, and scoffing prophecies. But now, although your editorial of March 15 is of the same tenor, the situation is such that I feel impelled to write a word of protest.

The League is passing through a difficult crisis. It is trying to arrange to take in the most important of the countries opposed to the Allies, this action having been made possible by the treaties of Locarno, which themselves owe their origin to the League of Nations.

With the entrance of Germany some new readjustment was inevitable. The creation of new seats in the Council had been contemplated for some time, and was bound also to cause some difficulty.

It is wholly natural that Brazil should wish representation in the Council. It is natural that other countries also should desire seats and that Germany, on the other hand, should object to any enlargement of the Council, just at the time she enters.

The present conflict is regrettable, but you are hardly justified in calling it "disgusting." The clash of interests is inevitable and natural and in this effort to enlarge the League and to have it bring together an ever increasing number of nations in amicable co-operation, such men as you and such a journal as UNITY, it seems to me, should lend earnest support, rather than by scoffing to make the difficult task more difficult.

And the meaning of this "fight," as you term it, you very wrongly state as a clear understanding "by those who are closest to the real facts of the situation that the League of Nations exists—not to maintain peace throughout the world, but to maintain the balance of power among the nations of Europe." That is just another of those slurring inferences which you so often express in UNITY, but for which there is no adequate justification.

"Those closest to the real facts of the situation," so far as I have met them, or read their reports,—those taking part in the work, members of the Secretariat, those studying the proceedings of the League at first hand in Geneva, have said that here is a remarkable practical effort—in the midst of great natural difficulties—to bring the nations of the world together to promote better understanding and to devise more efficient methods of co-operation and united action tending toward the prevention of war. That over fifty nations should come together at all in friendly conference in this way is remarkable and their actual achievement so far, in many important matters, is even more remarkable.

Old animosities and new jealousies are not easily overcome, but already, it seems obvious, the world is infinitely better off and there is far greater promise for the future than would have been the case had there been no League of Nations.

Here is an effort which surely should draw from men like you sympathetic encouragement and support, and understanding of the best motives and hopes that can be found in it rather than an insistence upon the worst that can be surmised. Any such human undertakings has a right, has it not? to be judged at its highest and finest attainment rather than by its lowest.

If this great effort at world organization and co-operation fails, if new chaos and war comes, it seems to me that you and men like you—with your vision of the better world that should be, but also with your belittling and disparaging of action and motives in this practical endeavor to bring about that better world—will be more responsible even than the militarists.

It is enough to our discredit, it seems to me, that our country and our best statesmen are not officially taking part in this great effort. But that we should suffer the further discredit of having some of our leaders of opinion like yourself impugn and misjudge the acts of those men and countries identified with the League of Nations, is not pleasant for some of us to contemplate.

OSCAR B. HAWES.

Summit, New Jersey.

Christianity and Islam

Editor of UNITY:

May I call your attention to a statement in "The Islamic World" for November, 1925. This magazine is edited by Mustafa Kahn and published by a Moslem press at Lahore, India. There is an article by Mohammed Y. Kahn which after commenting on The Scopes Trial and the less notorious case at Bootle, England, closes with these words:

". . . . Let also those ponder who are never tired of extolling Christianity as a religion of 'progress,' of civilization and who take delight in running Islam down as a religion, 'backward' and in the way of 'progress'! Christianity of the Church—her days are numbered. In this age of light and reason there is no room for her. There is but one way out of this critical position. Back to the Christianity of Jesus Christ! And that is Islam."

DONALD A. THOMPSON.

Tufts College, Mass.

Is This Correct?

Editor of UNITY:

I notice in your issue of March 15th that you apologize for spelling the word "negro" with a small "n." Your intentions are good, but your philology is bad. The word "negro" signifies a black man, and does not pertain to some particular group of black men, such as the Ethiopian. Or better still, the word "Negrito" is a proper noun because it refers to a specific tribe of negro people.

It would be just as logical to use the capital letter when speaking of the white race or the yellow race as it would be to use the capital letter when speaking of the negro or black peoples.

This is not a case of "traditional American prejudices," but simply a matter of orthography. For further information *vide* Century Dictionary.

ALBERT F. COYLE.

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That I may show a line of dreams,
Of gentle rhymes and madrigals. . . .

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Old ode and older vilanelle;
A prune for all your heavy sums;
A fig for what you buy and sell. . . .

Oh, free my shelves of weighty wares,
My scales that measure worth in drams—
And fill them up with April songs,
And little idle epigrams. . . .

The New Leader

S. A. De Witt.

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Religious Liberals Meet in Chicago

The National Federation of Religious Liberals held a meeting at Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Thursday, April 8th. The attendance was the most diversified of any meeting yet held, likewise the program.

The speakers were President Joseph M. Tilden of Lombard College, Rabbi Felix Levy of Chicago, Dr. John H. Lathrop of Brooklyn, and Dr. Stanton Coit of London. Dr. Curtis W. Reese presided. President Tilden said that we should not "park" our opinions but keep them moving. Rabbi Levy said that religious liberals should be careful to keep their work on a high rational plane. Dr. Lathrop pointed out the need for aesthetic and emotional elements in liberal movements. Dr. Coit isolated religion and gave it a mystical setting to which many religious liberals are not accustomed but "they heard him gladly." Dr. Reese closed the meeting with the benediction: "May we respect differences, cherish agreements, and above all foster fellowship."

The Unitarian Church in Bulgaria (A Friendly Unofficial Visit)

During my visit to Bulgaria it was a great joy that the route to the Greek-Bulgarian Frontier lay through the busy agricultural centre—the town of Doubritza. This gave me the unexpected pleasure of seeing our Unitarian Church and the minister, the Rev. Anton Toplisky, and his family. The Unitarians in Bulgaria are very few in number and at present have only one church.

The Unitarian movement in Bulgaria began in an interesting way. Some thirty years ago a student at the large and well known American School at Samakov, where nearly all the instruction is given in English by American teachers, and which is supported by the American Congregational Board, happened to read copies of *The Christian Register*. He found his religious ideas were gradually changing towards the simple Unitarian Faith. On leaving the school Mr. Toplisky studied deeper and read more widely, and to his joy found out that other men and women in his native town of Doubritza had arrived at the same religious opinions as himself. In 1890 he gathered these people together at his home on Sundays where religious services were held, and later on built a small chapel room adjoining his private house, calling it the Unitarian Church. Since 1910 regular religious services have been held there.

There are about 100 members today, mostly young men, and the average number attending is about 40. I was to meet this brother-minister and his wife and family, as well as to see the church building. The room is plain and simple but suitable for religious worship and social meetings. During the week-days Mrs. Toplisky, who is a highly educated woman (speaking English and German), has a Kindergarten School for about 40 little children. She had studied the kindergarten system in Switzerland. Luckily I arrived there at school time and saw the children looking so happy in the well organized and well managed school.

It was especially interesting to visit our cause in Doubritza and Mr. Toplisky said no other foreign Unitarian minister had been there except the Rev. Charles Wendte, who paid a visit nine long years ago.

The Rev. Anton Toplisky came up to Sofia to meet me there and took me to call upon some of the Unitarians in the capitol city. We visited a general, a lawyer and a leading tradesman, and all felt confident that if only sufficient funds were available it would be possible to start religious services in Sofia. Whenever Mr. Toplisky is in Sofia meetings are held at members' houses, but the time seems ripe for some action, and if we believe in our cause it ought to be tested in the growing Eastern European city. I met personally many people who had given up belief in the old Orthodoxy and who were drawing near to the Quaker and the Unitarian ideas of a simpler spiritual faith.

There are about 40 to 50 known Unitarian families in Sofia and as the Bulgarians are a very energetic and determined race, I felt that those Unitarians in Sofia I met meant to support their cause and to further its growth.

In the Unitarian college at Kolozwar there are living two men and one woman medical students who are Unitarians from Bulgaria. The Bulgarian State recognizes the Unitarian Church, so one great difficulty is overcome, but still there is prejudice, as in many other lands, against the Unitarian belief. However, Mr. Toplisky has braved the storm now for nine years and today he deserves our comradeship and goodwill.

While I was in Sofia I spoke with leaders of the American Congregational and Methodist Missions and the American Y. M. C. A., with one or two writers to the English speaking press, with two members of foreign Diplomatic Service, and also with the Director of the Samakov School, and all spoke kindly of our Unitarian cause and its minister. I was pleased that there was also great respect and a sincere friendly feeling for the minister amongst the leading Unitarian members I met in Sofia, and I gathered that when he was in Sofia he was always a guest amongst his own people.

We Unitarians who live in Western lands must not always look upon Eastern countries and their citizens with Western eyes. It is unfortunately still the law in Bulgaria for divorces to be granted by the church, and this has led to many abuses. It is not so long ago that the same church law held good in Hungary and scandals arose, and it is known our Hungarian Unitarian Church was gravely condemned. Now in Hungary the right of divorce is taken away from the church, and is now a civil process, and thus many abuses have disappeared. Today we must view certain actions regarding divorce in Bulgaria with kindlier eyes and understand the position of a native Bulgarian mind matching itself against a smarter and more worldly Western mind. In this way we shall overcome prejudice, and the idea of hindering a cause because of personal mistakes.

If the church in Sofia could be started with regular Sunday services it would mean a certain outlay for hiring a small hall, and the minor expenses, printing some hymn sheets and paying the salary of a minister. This might mean an outlay of about £150 /- /- a year and the cause should certainly be given a trial for two years at least. If it succeeded the members themselves would be in a position to raise certain funds.

Mr. Toplisky and his wife make great personal sacrifices now to maintain, unaided from outside sources, the church at Doubritza, and this shows determination and zeal.

The Unitarian cause in Bulgaria has up to the present been dependent upon one minister only but now it has the advantage of a second young minister, who has completed his studies at the Theological College, Kolozwar. He is now in Sofia and living with an American family whom I got to know quite well. The Rev. Dimiter Stoyanoff is desirous to work in the Unitarian church. Recently he spent some months in Budapest, and a few weeks ago I spoke with the Rev. N. Jozan and the Rev. G. Csiki about him, and both gave a favourable report. I met him personally many time in Kolozmar.

It would seem possible for the two Bulgarian ministers to carry out some new scheme if only funds were raised for the cause at Doubritza and for the new cause to be started at Sofia. It might become necessary for Mr. Toplisky to work the new cause in Sofia, and for Mr. Stoyanoff to carry on the work in Doubritza. Interchange visits could easily be made as the two places

are not so far apart. After much consultation it was felt that an extra £50 /- /- a year would be required to develop the work at Doubritza and £150 /- /- a year to carry out the scheme in Sofia, and the local members should be canvassed to find out what financial support they would give. There is a need of pamphlets and leaflets explaining the Unitarian and Liberal Religious movement.

Our Unitarian friends in Kolozmar with whom I have spoken seem to think the Bulgarian Unitarian Church ought to be maintained and the college has welcomed some of the Bulgarian Unitarian unversity students into the residence.

It would seem a pity to let this (Liberal Religious) cause perish for want of sympathy and help, and though there are only two recognized ministers and a small band of followers, we must use the material now available and hope for greater issues in the future. It is for the friends of Liberal Religion to renew their former interest and offer again the right hand of fellowship to their Unitarian brethren in the Balkan State of Bulgaria.

FREDERICK HANKINSON.

Hotel Bulgaria,
Budapest, Hungary.
February, 1926.

Women's International League

Bill No. H. R. 5838 introduced by Representative Welsh of Pennsylvania in the House provides for the amendment of the National Defense Act to abolish compulsory military training. Send to your Senator for a copy; study it and if you endorse it write to your Congressmen and tell them so.

Petitions, urging our representatives at the next Disarmament Conference to put on the agenda the abolition of conscription and universal disarmament, can now be secured at the National Headquarters. Send at once for as many copies as you can use. We are hoping that this can be truly a monster petition and we want to secure as many thousand names as possible. As the Disarmament Conference has been postponed at least until late Spring there is plenty of time for this work. The petitions merely ask that the subjects of abolition of conscription and complete world disarmament be placed on the agenda of this next conference. Many persons not labeling themselves as "pacifists" could have no objection to signing such a petition.

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